often we had only the sandwiches we could buy at depots. My clothes is fine though. I look purty stylish, don't 1?"

"Here's our baggage, Babbsie,"
said Father Andrew. "This porter's taking care of it. He'll carry
it right to the express people and
they can deliver it to our hote."
"Your hotel," I began, on the
verge of protest. But I caught
myself just in time. I could 't
take my "other" father to the
home where Jim and I had be'n
so happy.

so happy.

"I've Tony's car for the day.

"We'll drive by your hotel and drop your bags there."

"Where do we meet Nea!" asked Father Andrew, with a look which I very well understood.

"Maybe you've fixed it for me to see him at his place while you and

see him at his place while you and your dad—Dad Lee, I surmised you'd like to say—while you two

"In the swell car she's got?"
asked Dad Lee eagerly. "Mast
have purty rich friends to be
banding out cars like this."

PHOUGHTFUL FATHER ANDREW.

"My girl has good friends," gid

Father Andrew pleasantly and without seeming to realize that he

was laying full claim to "his mirl."

called away on a business trip just night just before your telegram

for awhile," said Father Andrew in a tone which seemed actually re-

"But we won't let you get lone-some." I interposed quickly, only too glad to be saved from a tete-a-

tete with Dad Lee. "Now we'd better run along to the car. Se

tell your porter to follow in our wake, won't you please, Father Andrew, dear?"

his order and the porter picked up his bags and followed us. I noticed something which seemed a certain proof of Father Andrew's unfailing kindness. One of the suitcases was brand new. So were the clothes Dad Lee was wearing. I could guess whose thoughtfulness had protected me from having a shabby

protected me from having a shabby old father—the unsuccessful prodi-

"Step lively, my man, you're to come along to our car with us," chirped Dad Lee importantly to the

trailing porter.
"If Mr. Norreys won't want his

car this forenoon we might show Mr. Lee a bit of the city, and then

about 12 we can, stop by for your

Jim and ask him to join us for lunch. Does the plan suit you, Babbsie?" asked Father Andrew.

"Is it all right to take a drive?"
quavered Dad Lee, turning his cold
eyes upon me. "I'd like to call for
my fine son-in-law at his office.

I'm anxious to meet my girl's hus-

To Be Continued Saturday.

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BOOKS

The present interest in the Orient

and its relations to the rest of the world makes timely the appearance

of a new volume. "The Press and Politics in Japan," which has just been issued by the University of Chicago Press. The work was writ-

ten by a Japanese scholar in Amer-ica, Dr. Kisaburo Kawabe, with the

help of his brother in Japan, who supplied him with the necessary information and materials from

original sources. The author's pur-

pose has been to show the influence

of the press upon the political life

Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the

The collected plays of Stephen

Soil" has gone into its second edi-tion three days after publication.

Phillips have just been brought out

by the Macmillan Company. Mr.

Phillips was an actor for several

years and numbered men like Sidney Colvin, William Watson and Oscar

of Japan.

"Then, as Father Andrew gave

"So I don't get to see my boy

I explained. "He was

drew."

## The Washington Times Magazine Page

It is stated that the Tower of London moves four thres daily, as the tides in the Thames ebb and flow. Most pronounced in the part nearest the river, it made the place vasuitable for demonstrations unde ra Government department

## BIRTHRIGHT

A Fascinating Romance of Society In Which a Poor Rich Girl Sponsors a Rich Poor Girl.

What Has Gone Before. What Has Gone Before.

Patricia Chesebrough, lovely daughter of an old, impoverished family, is forced to make her own way in the world. She has the entree into society, her relatives stand for culture, wealth and exclusiveness. Into the city come the Palmers—nobodies—made millionaires by a patent medicine concoction. The father dies, leaving a rheumatic widow, a young, virile son, and a daughter away at school. Mrs. Palmer asks Patricia to call at "The Castle," and her son Dan bluntly states the position of the family as outsiders who want to get in. He offers her \$206 a month to act as librarian, but really to see that they enter society, and \$25,000 if Pansy marries the right man. Patricia long engaged to Bidney Hutchinson, an artist, decides to accept the offer.

By Kathleen Norris. Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters" and Other Famous Stories,

B EATRICE, eh?" smiled young Roger Chambers. "No more Pansy, eh?" "Is she home, Pat?" one or two

Voices asked. "Oh, Pat, had her to tea at the Countrywoman's yesterday!" Christine answered. "That's what we're talking about."

"She's plain, rather," Patricia admitted. "Young-and rangy. But she rides and dances beautifully, and of course she finished at Far-

"Exactly, dear," Mrs. Throck-morton said. "She is like any other nice young girl. But I think myself she is a little out of place the Countrywoman's. Of course, once was all right. But she will find her own level, and really have a better time than making herself

"To what?" Patricia asked, as the good lady paused. Well, what shall I say? To get into our set perhaps expresses it."
Mrs. Throckmorton finished. "Not that we are any better than she, it isn't that. But she simply isn't a member of this particalar group?"

"Exactly, Aunt Annie!" Dorothy approved. Patricla was silent. But in that moment she committed herself to the Palmer cause with a de-termination that meant battle if op-

Sitting at the great table, in the library at the Castle, she outlined her campaign. Opposite her, ilushed, scowling and earnest, sat Dan Palmer. Lounging in a great chair at the fireplace was Beatrice, lately Pansy, looking lean, young, ill at ease in a remarkable walking gown

Patricia's heart had sunk at the first glimpse of her, but she was beginning to think the tall, awkward young creature not such hove-

Beatrice was like her mother; she had a smooth, colorless skin, silky, rather lifeless hair of taffyyellow, and a wide mouth that she incessantly rouged. She carried a rouge-stick in her purse, and used it without the slightest self-con-

She had expensive clothes but wore them badly, and at the wrong school full of buoyant chatter, tales of herself and her youthful triumphs, plans for her first social winter. For two of three days even her fected by her gay self-confidence.

This was a week ago, however. Since then Beatrice had telephoned old acquaintances, had paid a call or two. At first she had very dis-tinctly indicated that she wished to make these calls alone; later she had asked her mother to join her. and had been angry at that lady's

She had asked imperative questions about the Countrywoman's Club and the Entre Nous Dances, had been bewildered and silent after her brother's brief replies. A CLEVER GIRL.

Beatrice was clever, and she had seen social aspirants snubbed in Deerbridge before this. She might rage and writhe under her rapidly growing conviction, but she faced it honestly. They were deliberately cutting her.

It was in the first humiliation of this discovery that her mother and brother had introduced Patricia's name. Dan, knowing his sister, put the case plainly. Miss Chesbrough was interested. She was confident that she could manage Beatrice's first Winter successfully. She had already taken up the matter of the

"Well, she can't get me in there!" Beatrice had interrupted scornfully. "I hate them all, anyway! But I don't care. If you and mamma are so crazy about it, I don't care what I do!"

And in this manageable frame of mind Patricia had planted her first lessons. She had filled the girl's day. French, riding, walking, lessons in bridge and charities, Beatrice must take them all in turn. The jewelry that Beatrice loved be foregone for a time, even the "di'mon' larvaleer," as Mrs. Palmer called it, that had cost

Patricia and Beatrice walked downtown together in the autumn afternoons, while the Palmer cars atood idle. They shopped, went into the club for tea. They were always pressed for time. Such introductions as took place were "You know Miss Palmer, Margaret," Patricia would say cas-ually to a friend, "we are running Come, Beatrice, we're late

Bewildered, but impressed, Bea trice accepted her guidance. Se-cretly she adored Patricia with the

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MATTONAL TOMET CO., Ports, Tone.

twenty - seven. Outwardly she sulk-ed, as she was sulking this morning. "I wish you'd give these notices to the papers, Mr. Palmer." Patricia said in a businesslike tone.
"I've said that Miss Beatrice Palmer will make her formal bow to society at a large tea early in the New Year. That gives us time.

Now the next thing to arrange is the Hutchinson portrait. I think he will do it." "I thought he was going away?" Beatrice said, with reluctant inter-

"He is. But his sister is to play in a little vaudeville sketch for three or four weeks." Patricia cx-plained, "so that the New York plan is put off. And, by the way, Mr. Hutchinsin has given me a guest card for the Bachelor's Mardi Gras

"Already!" Dan said, with a vri-umphant look at his sister.
"That isn't until March," Patricia reminded him, and unless we can manage the other things, it won't do us much good!"
"I can wear this, in my portrait,

Beatrice consoled herself fondly studying a photograph of herself in her presentation gown. PATRICIA INSISTS.

"Why not wear the pretty blue thing you had on last night?" Patricia said winningly. Beatrice widened amazed eyes.

It—it—really, it isn't ladylike."
"Forgive me, dear," I said, lean-

keep forgetting that you're such a thoroughbred that you can't quite

assimiliate twentieth century jazz.

I-I'll do my best, Grace, from this time on, to see that the conversa-tion is conducted in a most decorous

"You make it awfully hard for

me to say things to you, Edy," she said. "Of course I understand you.

I know that you're just full of life

"And youth must have its fling, Grace," I laughed, forestalling what

she had to say,
"I suppose so." Grace answered,
looking quite serious. "But I—really,

Edy, you must not go out with this

Of course, I know you're-of course, I realize, Edith, that you're

quite able to take care, of your-

QUITE SAFE.

I tried not to speak crossly, but I was a bit irritated. "I assure you

I'm quite safe with Mr. Alvarez or

The champions for "Higher Cul-

ture" for women are becoming so intolerable that the future of life

itself seems to be fading into ob-

livion. In a recent article a writer

boldly asserts that when a true woman once triumphs over an ex-pedient or unreciprocated attach-ment, she triumphs over self and becomes that noblest of feminine spirits, the disinterested friend of

Our fair penwoman goes on to

'old maid'-Its heroism, its benevo-

lence, its piety. To say that an old

maid is a heroine is the cue for

much laughter and applause because

the underlying reason for her pres-

ent virgin status is a result of

either her fear to take a chance of

a voyage on the seas of matrimony

or a despisable disinterest in man-

She does no one good but the man

she might have married. Sooner or

later she becomes a dependent on her elders and invariably on the

public. Piety or the controlling

reverence toward the Almighty is

manifestly lacking in the old maid. She is trespassing the laws of na-

Her benevolence is shortcoming.

that we venerate the name of

Is Marriage a Success?

"Then why bother me, Grace?"

Alvarez, and remain so late.

manner, so far as I-

and youth, and-

self, but It-

mankind.

Grace laughed at that.

ing over and patting her hand.

"Why, that's just an old thing I got in Benares!" she expostulated. "I've had it three years!"
"But it would be charming in a

picture," Patricia persisted. "The other girls, my cousin and Miss Bishop and Mrs. Bruce have been painted in their handsomest gowns, with pearl collars and diamonds, and so on." she added simply. "Eliza Ralston wore ermine when she sat to Sargent. But I wish you would wear the blue thing, no lewels, just a young girl standing by a curtain-

Her voice stopped on an interrogative note, and her magnificent eyes, half amused, moved from sister to brother.
"I get you!" Dan said presently

"But-but I have pearls!" Beatrice submitted, rather uncertainly. Patricia felt a certain quick pang of sympathy for bewildered eighteen. It was all so absurd, the race and the goal were alike un-worthy. She was surprised sometimes nowadays to discover how ridiculous the whole social scheme seemed, even to a Chesebrough. This young and rich and fortunate girl was hurt and chilled by her exclusion from an elaborate struc-ture that contained only emptiness and her brother was scowling anxiously over the campaign, beside which tilting with windmills

was a reasonable employment! These thoughts were rank treason. "But what is being a Chesebrough!", said the rebel in Patricia's soul scornfully. Aloud she said cordially:

A SORT OF GAME. "Of course you have jewels, and everybody knows it; so you can afford to do the unusual thing. Why, efter all," and Patricia's smile was reflected in the two young faces opposite her, "after all I'm only doing for you what the mothers of these other girls have been doing for them since they were born! It's a

"Only it's a sort of game that mama can't play," Mrs. Palmer, who had come in, on her cane, added with a solicitous smile. Patricia, glancing at the kind, weathof a new emotion at her heart.

She was growing rather fond of the elderly mistress of the Castle. Sometimes she shared Mrs. Palmer's afternoon drive, and while they circled the sunny streets she listened to the older woman's wistful talk of old times. The little druggist and his wife had been proud of their first small store—the woman who was leaning back, richly furred, in this splendid car, had been glad to wash the floor of that establishment; had laid aside her nursing baby to run in

answer to the "store bell." In the three little rooms behind the pharmacy Danny had been adored and indulged, had had his naps and his porridge; had had his fat hands slapped for "getting after papa's jar of lickrish." "Beetriss" had been born there, during terrible times, when Danny had mumps and "papa" was getting over pneu-monia and the rent was four

Vivid, simple, and tender talk it was. Patricia had not heard much Her imagination was touched by this picture of a cold, shabby, young man and his wife, doubtfully compounding the great "Senatone" that was to pour this river of gold about their feet. She seemed, as she listened, to catch a glimpse of the essential beauty and sorrow of wifehood and moth-

"But it ain't part of your duties to listen to an old woman talking." Mrs. Palmer would sometimes say, with smiling compunction. Patricia's answer was frequently the subtle flattery of honest interest:

MUTUAL INTERESTS.

"But go on-do you mean to tell me that this man-this Mason man, actually had the effrontery to offer Mr. Palmer \$50 for the patent and the formula and the whole thing! On a sunshiny, crisp Sunday morning, in late October, Sidney Hutchinson entered a certain attractive downtown restaurant, at about 9 o'clock, and looked about it searchingly. More than one churchgoing woman was breakfasting here, black gloves and prayer book laid beside her plate, and among them he discovered Miss Chesebrough. He sat down in the empty chair opposite her.

To Be Continued Tomorrow. Copyright, International Magazine Co.

Cuticura Soap IS IDEAL-For the Hands

## The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingsten, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Elisworth, a young married couple, finds employment as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital. He pays her much attention, gives her a 1500 go'd note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous of the Spanish girl she is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes suspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is satisfied that no oil stock is being sold, but she cannot guess what her mysterious employer's real business is.

Her employer, after paying her many compliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, expresses a desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amazes her.

Willard swears to Edith that he is not in love with the Spanish girl and that there is no cause for jealousy. He tells Edith her employer will bear watching and asks her to suy on Alvarez. She rejuctantly consents. While rummaging through her employer's desk she finds a picture of the same Spanish girl with whom she saw her sweetheart that she introduce him to her employer. By means of a piece of carbon paper which she secreted in the typewriter roller, Edith gets a copy of a cryptic telegram her employer's mysterious conduct, Wilard knows more about it than she can tell him.

"Don't, Edy, please!" Grace put "Don't, Edy, please!" Grace put her hands over her ears in quite sincere horror. "I wish you sincere horror. "I wish you wouldn't use such language, Edy.

I FOUND A COPY OF A TELEGRAM.

ing.' Really, Grace-"Listen, Edith!" Grace was sitting up very straight now. And looked most austere. The robe which she had thrown around her had slipped away, revealing Grace in all the primness of a high necked, long-sleeve cotton night gown. I glanced from her to my own lacy silk pajamas. And suddenly I felt a great respect for Grace and her ideas. I felt that the dignity of that enveloping night dress deserved all the respect I had at my command.

"All right, Grace," t answered, I might say almost meekly. "I'm "I hate to assume this attitude with you, Edy," Grace said. "But

ture and neglecting her primary

purpose on earth when she 're-

fuses to avail herself of an oppor-

tunity to add to the multitude of

women in general who crave higher

culture or to be spared the drudg-

ery of cooking and domestic wor-

ries, much can be said. Of course,

it can be presumed that most of us

would like to be freed from worry.

But it does not follow that because

we are worried about a thing we

contrary the things that we worry

most about are the very things that

order to say that a woman might

strangle the children and poison

the husband so that she might be free for "higher culture?" The more

women delve into the latter the

So what's the use?

cultured female.

WILBERT WAS TAKING JIMMY'S

AS TOUGH LUCK WOULD HAVE IT

IN THE PASTIME OF MAKING

THEY RAN ACROSS JIMMY ENGAGED

MUD PIES

GIRL TO THE MOVIES AND

more worries they acquire over it.

She wanted the vote she got it.

Now she worries over what she is going to do with it. What a cruel Congress we've had keeping the

vote from the women so long. Per-

haps the incoming legislators will

emancipate the poor, suffering, un-

we are most concerned in. Is it in

So much for the old maid. As to

our posterity.

if I went around with a sign on | I-really, it's for your own good."
me, marked 'Posted-no trespass- "Of course it is," I answered, "Talk to me like a red-headed step child. I deserve it." "You don't deserve any such thing, Edy," Grace said. "You don't deserve anything but the best

"The best meaning Willard?" ( asked quite naively. "Well, I-I wasn't going to say that," Grace answered. "But I'm point. I've been thinking a lot about you, Edy. And I-why don't you marry Willard, Edith-and

"Quit work!" I hadn't been prepared for any such direct attack on Grace's part. "Quit work and what? Live on \$2,400 a year! I see myself! I-I couldn't do it, "I did it," Grace answered. "And

HAPPY ANYWHERE.

"Yes, but you'd be happy anywhere, Grace, dear," I championed my own cause. "You're one of those 'love in a cottage' kind. I'm not. You'd be happy in one room with Bob. I'm different. I want money! I want beautiful things! I want to go to theaters and to parties and take trips! I want to dance, and jazz-

"Jazz!" I had never realized what a peculiarly distasteful word that was until I heard Grace repeat it. "Is the whole world going crazy about jazz, Edy? I'm asking for to me that I'm living in another

"And that's what you are, Grace, old dear," I answered. "A happy, wholesome, gladsome old world "Of course I don't expect to make

you over, Edy," Grace interrupted.
"But I-I do wish you could see
things in their right light-" "Right light," L interrupted, "is such a relative term, Grace, that I don't see how you can say that. What might be the right light to you probably wouldn't be the right

"But there is only one right light," Grace broke in. "And I'm

BRUCE BENNETT. not so sure it's a relative term. JUST BEFORE JIMMY SHOWED WILBERT HOW CHARLIE DOES IT-

# \$100

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who submits the best title. Read the story every day in The Washington Times and, when the last instalment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles.

The title must consist of three words or less.

Winnie Davis Freeman

Copyright by The Washington Times There's only one way to live. And

that's the right way-"
"I'll grant that," I answered. "But what is the right way?"
"For a woman," Grace answered, something mystically maternal in her voice; "the only life is love,

The words graduated into choking obs. And when I looked up I saw tears running down dear old Grace's face and spilling on her perfectly proper high-neck night kown. And I—In an instant I was out of bed, sitting in Grace's lap and I had my arms around her neck, trying to comfort her.

In trying to make me see the light Grace had been willing to bear her own sorrow to me. I had always known that there was one thing lacking to make Grace's life absolutely happy. She wanted children. And no children had come. She had spoken to me of it once. And never again had the subject been broached. I had never mentioned it, and Grace, I knew, felt that it was something too sacred to speak of-except on an occasion like this when she thought that by mentioning it she would be pointing the way to happiness to some one

To Be Continued Tomorrow,

#### Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. NOTHING ELSE WILL. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

About a year ago I met a young girl about twenty-three whom I liked from the moment I met her. She always acted rather friendly and seemed very nice. I found out later that she had been married and that her marriage was not a success. After she left her husband she turned very wild, and some things she has done have not been exactly right. This made very little difference to me, because I

A boy friend of mine whom I have been pals with for a long time, told me she used to be a fine girl, one whom everybody liked. This is what I would like your advice on. So far I have treated her the best I know how, but it seems as if her taste is for the boy who treats her bad. Now, I want to keep this girl, but I am not the kind that treats a woman bad, and do you think that steady devotion will make her open her eyes or not. MARCEL.

If steady devotion from a good man does not do it, nothing else will.

A FICKLE LOVER. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going with a young man of twenty-eight, five years my senior, for five years, including one year of which I have been engaged. wrote him she was madly in love with him, and since then he has neglected me. I have given up all my friends and pleasure looking toward a future with him. What do you advise? HEARTBROKEN. Of course any response your flance makes to this bold and enterprising young person is due to gratified vanity or the sense of ad-venture caused by his excitement at having her do the wooing so brazenly. Why don't you look at it as humorous adventure and by laughing at it good-naturedly make him feel that he's having a lark which you also enjoy and that the

#### Prize Cake Recipes

whole thing is beneath the notice

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest—Clip Them. ONE-EGG CAKE.

2 cups flour. Piece butter.

of a grown man?

Flavor, milk and baking powder. Take flour and baking powder and sift together; then take butter and sugar, egg and vanilla and cream together; then pour half cup of milk and mix all together. Bake for fifteen minutes. ICING.

2 ounces baking chocolate. 4 teaspoonfuls XXXX sugar.

teaspoonful butter. 4 cup milk. tablespoonful hipolite.

Let come to a boil then beat well. -Mrs. M. Brenner, 1700 Euclid st.

TWO-EGG CAKE. eggs.

4 cup butter. cup sugar.

teaspoon vanilla. 11/4 teaspoons baking powder. cups flour.-Mrs. Edwin J. on, 1226 B street southwest.

#### When a Girl Marries A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE By ANN LISLE.

T sight of Father Andrew A emerging from the gate I darted forward. A moment later his strong arms were about ing close to my ear:
"Anne! My little girl! My

blessed little Anne!" I clung to the man who has always, given me a father's love. I dread the moment when I must deserted my little mother and who had now come back to claim me as

his daughter.

As if he read my rebellious thoughts, Father Andrew drew me closer into the circle of his arms and whispered.

"Babbsie, 'I've brought your father back to you."
I turned to offer what greeting I could to the stooped little man whose thin face was working with emotion. I was ready to be gentle, but his first words repelled me even more than the thin, querulous voice in which he rasped them out: "Babbsie? who gave you right to call my girl that? Her name is Anne, ain't it?"

THE GREETING.

These were the first words of greeting from the father I hadn't seen since I was a tiny girl. And my reply was equally strange. Holding out my gloved hand I asked stiffly: "Did you have a pleasant jour-

"Purty fair. Purty fair," said my father, wagging his nead at me, and then adding, accusingly, "But I got hungry. The meals on the trains ain't what I expected, and

> Maryland Cooking

Recipes From the Melwood Cook Book. (Clip them out and pasts them

SHERMAN PICKLE.

dozen apples. dozen green tomatoes. dozen onions.

box raisins. heaping tablespoon dry mustard. Cut tomátoes and onions, put salt on them and let stand for two hours, then mix all together. Cover in vinegar, sweeten with brown sugar to taste and cook one hour .- Mrs Albert O. Beall.

CREAMED CHICKEN.

pint cooked chicken, chopped. tablespoonful butter. tablespoonful flour.

tablespoonful chopped parsley egg yolks.

½ pint cream or milk.
Rub the butter and flour to a cream, place milk or cream in double boiler and when hot add flour and butter. Stir well and cook 3 minutes, add the parsley and chicken Cook until hot again. Beat yelks with 2 tablespoonsfuls cold two minutes. Serve in a border of rice or potatoes, beaten to a cream and piled high by putting on the dish by the tablespoonful. It is better to serve this in a dish that may be placed in the oven, for the potato may then be browned slightbefore the chicken is poured inside the wall of potato.—Mrs. J.

Dom. Bowling. COTTAGE PUDDING.

tablespoonful butter. cup sugar. cup milk.

eggs.

large teaspoonful baking powder. 1½ cups flour.

Beat butter, sugar, yolks of eggs together, add milk, then the flour. Beat well, then beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir them carefully into the pudding, add the baking powder and mix well.

Pour into a greased cake pan and bake % of an hour. Serve hot with lemon sauce.

LEMON SAUCE. 1/4 tablesponful butter.

cup sugar. 2 dups hot water. pinch of cinnamon, and same of

nutmeg.
1/2 lemon juice, and a little of the 1 tablespoonful flour .- Mrs. R.

Wilde among his warm friends. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree gave nis work wide publicity through the stage. Mr. Phillips' career was out short by an early death in 1915.

George Madden Martin, whose most recent book is a volume of stories of the negro, "Children in the Mist" (D. Appleton & Co.), has gone to New York from the South. She is giving talks at Columbia University to the Blanche Colton Williams class in short-story writing and to the classes of the School of Journal-(Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duvall.) ism.

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### TMPORTATIONS of choicest coffee,

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Turkish coffee houses, or Kahveh Khamehs, flourished in Constantinople in 1554. Mecca banned the new drink because of "its dark color," but coffee soon appeared in all Turkish ceremonials.

